

Good Morning 292

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



A.B. CLIFF WILLIAMSON —News for you to-day

YES, A.B. Clifford Williamson, Peggy is still rolling about on the fireside rug, and it's still taking your mother all her time combing that superabundant hair out of her sheep-dog eyes.

Peggy was just about to get a brush-up when "Good Morning" representatives called at your home in Ainsworth Road, Radcliffe, Lancs. Mother, who wants you to know that she's quite well, had just said good-bye to soldier brother Frank, who has been home for a few days.

If you'd been at his leave party the family circle would have been complete, for Cedric is back from Scotland and working near home again.

I wonder what you'll say when we tell you that your sister has got a boy friend? Just as you guess, she's doing plenty of dancing these days, and says that despite her "new man" she's still prepared to shuffle her feet with you when you get to the home town once more.

All's well at home, Cliff, and all send their fondest love. Good Hunting!



Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Were small Shopkeepers But—Made Their Fortunes

KNOW anyone who owns a little shop? Ever thought of running one yourself? The age factories and butchers' snags, as everyone knows, are two a penny. And yet the little merchant princes of every county in England can prove that we thrive as a nation of shopkeepers. Speak to an Essex man, and he will tell you of Mr. Garron, of Southend, who began as a baker, opened a cinema, and has now developed

restaurants, teas, bakers' shops and grocery stores, sausage factories and butchers' shops, until, as they say, he owns the town.

In Norfolk there is Mr. Arnold Roy, whose turnover when last I saw the figures stood at £250,000. His father once employed him to hawk oranges from a barrow in country lanes. When he first opened a general shop he

made himself popular with the villagers by selling at least one commodity a week at less than cost price. It might be tea, sugar, or some other household necessity.

Eventually Mr. Roy had some surplus profits, and bought a wooden lean-to at Wroxham. He started with one assistant; to-day he employs 800.

He foresaw the possibilities of Wroxham, the Broads centre. Almost all provisions for yachts were sent from London, so he offered non-perishable goods on an eat-or-return principle. Gradually, as customers responded, he bought the fields around his shanty and put up shop after shop. When the local council refused to improve the village amenities, Roy went ahead. Now even the street lamps bear his name—he supplied them.

What can you do with a village merchant like that? He has no reason to envy London tradesmen.

Evacuees have probably trebled his business. The Roy family owns a drapery shop, a bakery, a fish shop, a grocery store as large as a cinema, a tailor's shop, an office, and many other concerns.

In Kent there are the Grooms, who began with a small baker's shop at Erith. Harry Groom had to fight paralysis when he came out of the Army after the last war. He conquered it. Then he began to build up his bread business. He doubled his trade in a year. He saw no reason why a baker should not sell groceries. So he put tea, jam and other goods in his vans. He designed his own special paper bags, and employed canvassers to tell customers about the new bread-making machinery he had installed.

Within ten years Harry Groom was rich. In fifteen his business was reputed to be worth £300,000 a year. Yet he still writes friendly little notes on the pay slips of his employees.

The Prideaux family, who are now helping to feed thousands of London children in Dorset, started by buying eggs from local farmers and delivering them to local housewives. Then they began to sell to London shops. Clotted cream, made over the kitchen stove, was developed until several tons a week were being sold. Butter, bacon and sausage factories and an egg-grading station became part of the family concern.

Beyond the Chilterns you find Mr. Civil's provision stores which help to lower the cost of living in the country. Not so long ago, Mr. George Civil was earning thirty shillings a week as a market salesman. Seventy pounds was all he had saved when he launched out on his own.

And in the Eastern counties, spreading up to the Midlands, Mr. Kay's shops are doing big business. Mr. Kay does not mind admitting that his first pair of long trousers were bought second-hand for one shilling and sixpence.

He will tell you that his first grocery shop was one which another firm had given up as a failure. He had so little capital that he could not buy a large stock, and he ran out of many commodities on the opening night.

Now his shop is one of a chain of stores!

R. Garth



HERE'S the story that who served in the Royal Engineers as all good eers in the last war, pinned his stories end—with a cup of tea. son's medal on to the little chest C.P.O. Frederick Robert Flack, of the only Frederick Flack coxswain of H.M. Submarine who has yet to wear the King's "Sahib," whose home is at uniform with distinction, Romford, is the teller.

The story began last spring when the boat put to sea from a naval base. The P.O. and his brother, who was stationed at the same base, had a farewell party and arranged a return date.

The reunion did not take place, however. The "Sahib" had gone out on her last voyage.

For a time there was no news, beyond the uncertainty of the official classification "Missing."

Then a voice was heard over the German radio. It was C.P.O. Flack telling his wife and mother and father that he was safe.

RECALLING the story, Flack

says:—
"Sahib," as you know, was sunk. Exactly how she was sunk I cannot tell you, but at the end of the first lap of my journey I found myself swimming about in the Mediterranean with all the rest of the crew of the "Sahib." While we were doing that, the enemy came over and machine-gunned us from the air.

"One of my shipmates was killed. Eventually we were picked up by some destroyers. We were split into parties, and with Lieutenant J. H. Bromage, who was in command of 'Sahib,' the other officers and 10 ratings, I arrived at Camp 70, Ancona.

"We were there when the Italian collapse came, and we were told to remain in camp and see what happened. After a couple of days 500 Germans turned up there, and some of the British naval personnel decided that it was time to leave. "I got out with P.O. Boatman, of Saffron Walden, and Artificer Winrow, of Liverpool. For a week we managed to feed ourselves. Then we had to seek some help, so one would risk going to a farmhouse while the others watched to see what sort of a reception he got. The Italians nearly always helped us.

"After 23 days, we slipped through the German lines and walked into a British sentry. He took us along to have the finest cup of tea I have ever tasted."

THEN Flack came home and with two other Frederick Flacks—his father and young son—and his wife and mother, he went to receive his decoration.

Frederick Senior and Frederick very Junior waited outside the Palace while the womenfolk went into the Investiture. Little Frederick's grandfather,

AN interesting letter from A.B. Dee, now in the South, tells me he has been a constant reader of "Good Morning" for eighteen months.

Guess the sailor must have his dates a little muddled, because the paper hasn't been running that long. But I'm glad to hear from this ex-"Safari" man—no doubt former shipmates will be pleased that Dee is within walking distance of the Town Vaults.

LOOK, chums—a job

I have demands that I tell you about other submariners—you know, visits to towns, presentations of plaques and "Buck House" investitures. That's easy enough—if I know when and where you're going; but I don't, and there is only one way for me to get this gen—that is from you. The Office of Admiral (Submarines) doesn't know about these things, the Admiralty knows less, and the people you visit have never heard of "Good Morning." So won't you be pals and tip me off when you get one of these shore jobs?

GLAD to get your letter from "Trenchant," Leading Stoker Graves—seems a long time since I met some of your shipmates in the "Prince of Wales."

We still laugh about that evening; in particular I laugh about Sailor's Rest sequel.

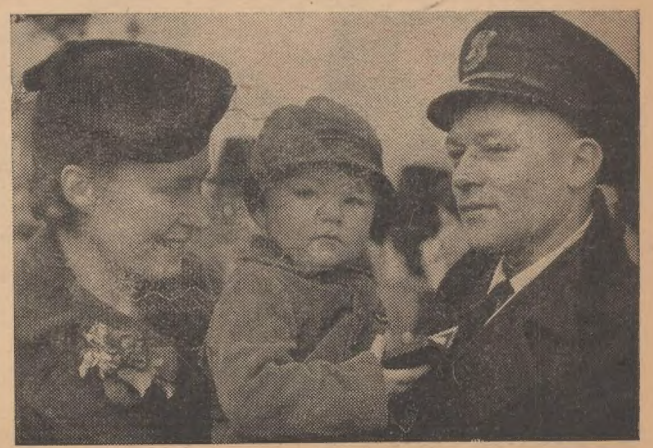
The books and comforts you mention should be on the way now; hope if there's anything else we can do you will remember the address.

I THINK I must apologise to A.B. Porter, to whom I gave a lift from Harrow to Wealdstone last month.

When I collected "Get-Around III" (the "Good Morning" editorial car) from a garage after having a new ignition switch fitted, I found the starter was jammed up, and when the mechanic refused to rectify it, saying it was only a detail, I told him about himself.

Sorry, pal, if I shocked you!

Ron Richards



More Home Town Shorts

COLD CURE.

IF you have a cold, here is a cure, not recommended in the close confines of a submarine, but is said to be a winner by a writer to the "Lancet."

He states that as soon as you feel an incipient cold coming on, take about a teaspoonful of saline or a weak antiseptic into your mouth. "Tilt the head back as far as convenient, and let it run as far down the throat as possible without swallowing.

"Then, while still holding the head back, cough violently. This causes a sort of explosion in the throat, which throws the solution over the surface of the throat generally and also over the internal surface of the nasal cavity. Repeat every two hours. I find it aborts a cold completely within a day or a day and a half."

If this fails, we recommend putting a sock on the end of your bunk and tipping until you can see two.

"STURGEON" BIG HAND.

AND right across Yorkshire to the little market town of Selby. When news-reel shots of the submarine "Sturgeon" were flashed on the screen at the Central Cinema in James Street, the audience sure gave you guys a big hand. And it isn't Clay Keyes who is saying it!

HERRIN'S IN BARREL.

EXTRACT from the "Dundee Courier": "Dundee has a simple problem. Some of the dance halls are overcrowded. The Lord Provost uses the term 'Packed like herring in a barrel.' Anyone would think the remedy quite simple—put a limit to the number of dancers allowed into each hall. But, oh, no, it isn't nearly so simple as that. The Police Committee has to debate the matter. It discovers nothing can be done

without reference to Edinburgh. What a farce!"

We venture to disagree. The deputation, if any, to Edinburgh will learn in the dance halls of the Scottish capital that men never make passes at girls who wear glasses; where the dancers are sweating, no one thinks of petting; and, finally: If overcrowding at a dance The ire of "guid folk"

rouses, Would they find pleasure and romance In overcrowded houses?

ALL IN—ALL OFF.

WHEN Tim McCoy, the referee at the Mayfair Club, Stockton-on-Tees, was thrown out of the ring by two contestants in a wrestling bout, he disqualified them both, and the match was declared "No contest."

The referee was the only man "out" in that match.

MISSY MASSEUSE.

A SPEAKER in Aberdeen advocated more young men to take up massage as a profession, and said that his experience of women was that very few were strong enough to tackle long-standing chronic cases. But what says the poet?

My luv is like a red, red rose,
Her wiles may drive me nutty;
But on her breast my headache goes,
And, in her arms, I'm putty.

She makes all heavy burdens light
With deft and soft caresses.
I catch no chill on coldest night
While she against me presses.

A male masseuse may strengthen me;
But, man to man, by heck,
When "smoothed down" by
Felicity,

Who wouldn't be a wreck!

Join Lillee Rat-push

FIRMLY grasped by the back of the neck, I was marched up the iron ladders in the fiddle, along the deck, and up on to the bridge. Black as the Earl of Hell's waistcoat, from hours among the coal-dust, I stood frightened and quiet while the engineer explained where I had been found. The captain put his finger daintily on my shoulder and spun me round slowly, like one of those contraptions holding picture-postcards which you see in stationers' shops. After the third turn he stepped back, dusted his fingers with his handkerchief, and said, "By God! it's Little Lord Fauntleroy! Any more of you aboard?"

passengers entered, bringing with them a number of Gladstone bags. One of the men tried to push a bag beneath the seat, but as I was there first it could not be done. After pushing and hauling it until most of the skin was rubbed off my nose he stooped down to see what was in the way. "Strewth! There's a body under there!" he gasped. Next moment they were all

and taught us to play solo whist. Whenever strangers made as if to open the door, one of them would pretend to be sick in the corner. That never failed to scare people off. All tickets were collected half a mile outside Melbourne, and we strolled out of Spencer Street Station as if we owned it.

I got half-a-dozen jobs at this and that, for I was already a strong-looking young fellow. But most of my employers expected me to do a man's work for the pay of a boy, so I did not stay long in any of them.

The Wowzers tell you not to leave one job until a better turns up, but that is all poppycock. When people see you sweating your guts out for next to nothing they think that that is all you are fit for, and leave you there. But many men are afraid to take a chance. They growl and complain all their lives, and stick to the same jobs as though chained to them. I joined the Little Burke Street rat-push.

For many years Little Burke Street has been the centre of the Chinese quarter in Melbourne, and is usually referred to locally as "Lillee Burke." A "rat-push" is a gang which may consist of anything from hardened criminals to street-corner rowdies not out of their teens. Both types were represented in the Little Burke Street rat-push, of which I was a humble camp-follower. I had started at the bottom of the ladder, but I was full of ambition to work my way to the top.

At that time the aristocrats of our rat-push were Towser Mahoney, Donk Ryan, Tommo Moon, and head and shoulders above all the others, a pick-pocket named Armstrong. Armstrong used to pay periodic visits to Sydney, where he claimed to pay the detectives five pounds per hour for the privilege of strolling in the arcade. It was a poor hour when his takings fell below twenty pounds.

We used to meet at a pub called the Royal Mail, on the corner of Burke Street and Swanson Street—jockeys, "con." men, and all the rest of the push.

Then there were the "brief-snatchers," who used to mingle with the crowds surrounding racecourse book-makers, fish tickets from winners who were holding them up for payment, and slip them to a confederate to be cashed. When caught, they were charged with "stealing a piece of paper, value one halfpenny." One man specialised in the Dutch watch trick—weeping on railway stations and selling to strangers "der gold watch dot mein fader give me."

QUIZ for today

1. A fezz is an Arab chief, kind of plum, bullfighter, small crab, tasseled cap, young deer?
2. Who wrote (a) I Saw Three Ships, (b) Three Fishers?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Essex, Hampshire, Sussex, Northumberland, Lancashire, Warwickshire?
4. Who was the Maid of Orleans?
5. What is the world's largest statue?
6. Name two of John Peel's hounds.
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Suspiration, Supererogation, Substraction, Spasm, Suzerain, Simitar?
8. Which is the older flag, the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes?
9. What is the speed of a salmon?
10. What is the capital of Switzerland?
11. What is the Kohinor?
12. Name four wild flowers beginning with C.

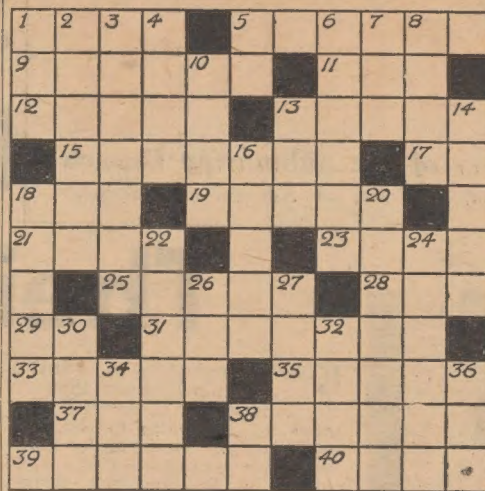
Answers to Quiz in No. 291

1. Young heron.
2. (a) H. G. Wells, (b) Francis Griswold.
3. Biggleswade begins with B; others begin with C.
4. Opera.
5. La Paz. (Bolivia; 12,450 feet.)
6. Three days and three nights.
7. Elemental, Enthral.
8. She was never married.
9. The "cheese" used in skittles, and the "woods" used in bowls.
10. Five—Red, White, Blue, R.A.F., and Civil Air Ensigns.
11. Georgetown.
12. Italian.

Lower in the scale came the lads who went "pettering," or rifling tills in shops left unattended. They would open the door softly and shove their hats quickly beneath the bell-hammer to muffle the alarm. A variation of this activity was called "looking for a sleeping dago." Most of the fruit stalls in Melbourne are owned by Italians, who have imported their habit of an afternoon nap. On a hot day it is impossible to walk far without spotting Luigi pounding a swarthy ear. After that you do not need to be a Raffles to do yourself a bit of good.

But I was not long enough in the rat-push to start "dragging away" other people's property. My chief interest was in "marking a ticket," as Australians call paka-poo. Wherever there are Chinamen—London, New York, Liverpool—you will always find this gamble. It is played by marking ten out of eighty Chinese characters printed on a sheet of paper. All these slips are then taken to the headquarters of the Chinaman who is making the bank. He takes a brush and a block of ink and obliterates ten characters at random on a similar ticket.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Commendable.
- 5 Tone down.
- 9 Pink eyed person.
- 11 Negligent.
- 12 Nonsense.
- 13 Speedy.
- 15 Guest.
- 17 Thanks.
- 18 Sheep.
- 19 Veins of ore.
- 21 Employer.
- 23 Counter.
- 25 Make refrain.
- 28 Hawthorn blossom.
- 29 Cry of surprise.
- 31 Will addition.
- 33 Bird.
- 35 Unaccompanied.
- 37 Plan.
- 38 Tell.
- 39 Kinds.
- 40 Pulled.

THERMS CHAP
AXE THRIVE
PLEDGE IDEA
HEM EARN N
I PRAM GAGS
AFTER REBEL
LISP FADS E
N OMIT IMP
OAKS RENNET
ALIENS ATE
FEND TIGHTS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Chatter.
- 2 Fruit.
- 3 Bound.
- 4 Lodgings.
- 5 Therefore.
- 6 Blazed.
- 7 Draw supply from.
- 8 Egress.
- 10 Boy's name.
- 13 Pole.
- 14 Negro.
- 16 Dragged along.
- 18 Teacher.
- 20 Having resemblance.
- 22 Cooking guide.
- 24 Gesture of respect.
- 26 Weight.
- 27 Mount.
- 30 Institution.
- 32 Chilly.
- 34 Interdict.
- 36 Stitch.
- 38 Artist.

If any gambler has been lucky enough to hit upon that identical combination he gets eighty pounds' return on his sixpenny stake—less in proportion to the markings which fail to coincide. Sometimes I won a few shillings, which I usually celebrated by giving my fellow-rats a blow-out at Mrs. Hoffman's restaurant, where you could eat till you burst for sixpence.

But our main business was waging guerrilla warfare with a rival rat-push from Little Lonsdale Street. They were a cheap sort of bunch, few of them even aspiring to the bell-bottom trousers and boots with pointed toes which were the hall-mark of every self-respecting rat. Mostly they kept to their own territory and we to ours, but when we did meet there was always a clash.

It always seemed to start the same way. One man would call another a cow, an insult which in Australia can only be paid for in blows. In two seconds the pair of them would be paid for in blows. In two seconds the pair of them would be down on the pavement, tearing at each other like

maniacs. Both sides would at once come to the rescue of their man with bottles, knuckledusters and bare fists. Reinforcements would be rushed up from Little Burke and Little Lonsdale, and blood would flow freely. Then the police whistles would begin to split the air and police batons to crack impartially on the heads of both factions.

I learned a few tricks in those rough-and-tumbles which would hardly appeal to the late Marquis of Queensberry, but then, his lordship never had to mix it with the rat-push from Little Lonsdale Street. Those tricks have come in useful in all parts of the world, as has much other information I gained in "Lillee Burke." For instance, I have never yet bought a gold watch in the street from a stranger.

(To be continued)

HUMOUR QUOTATIONS

The youth of America is their oldest tradition. It has been going on now for three hundred years.

Oscar Wilde.

You should study the Peerage, Gerald. . . . It is the best thing in fiction the English have ever done.

Oscar Wilde.

The Devil, having nothing else to do, Went off to tempt my Lady Politigru.

My Lady, tempted by a private whim, To his extreme annoyance, tempted him.

Hilaire Belloc.

It did not last; the Devil, howling "Ho! Let Einstein be!" restored the status quo.

Hilaire Belloc.

Waldo is one of those people who would be enormously improved by death.

"Saki" (1870-1916).

Democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people.

Oscar Wilde.

4. Make two other seven-letter words from the letters of SERPENT.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 246

1. DISTRESSED.
2. BOILED SALMON.
3. HAWK, HARK, BARK, BARD, BIRD, MARE, MANE, LANE, LONE, CONE, CONY, PONY, SICK, SINK, LINK, LINT, DINT, DIET, FOOT, FONT, FOND, FOLD, BOLD, BOLE, BILE, MILE.
4. SOURCES, COURSES.

WANGLING WORDS—247

1. If AMADOR has a drink, he will become a diplomat.
2. Rearrange the letters of CALL OUR WIFE, to make a vegetable.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BEER into BASS, LEAF into BUDS, COLD into ICES, DUST into SAND.

EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life Story of a Roving Adventurer

PART IV

I shook my head. Half an hour later, just as I had finished washing, I was called back to the bridge. Harry Moore was standing by the wheelhouse, looking about as happy as a nigger at a lynching.

"Fauntleroy," said the captain, very sternly, "you told me a lie. Even lords must tell the truth in the 'Bothwell Castle.' The bo'sun will introduce you to a large piece of vulgar holystone, and another big chunk when you wear out the first. That will teach you to tell lies!"

"Yes, sir," I mumbled. "If you'd blown the gaff on your chum I'd have given you a dozen of the best with half a fathom of suitable rope! Now clear out and get down to it!"

One day, the captain asked me how I liked the life of a sailor. "Fine, sir," I replied meekly. "You're a liar, Fauntleroy!" said the captain. "But if you'd started whining I'd have lammed seven bells out of you with the buckle end of your own belt! The man that would go to sea for pleasure would go to hell for a pastime. You can lay off holystoning and start cleaning the brasswork in the wheelhouse."

When the "Bothwell Castle" tied up at Port Adelaide he gave us half-a-crown each and sent us ashore.

"You'll reach Melbourne under your own steam, walking," he said.

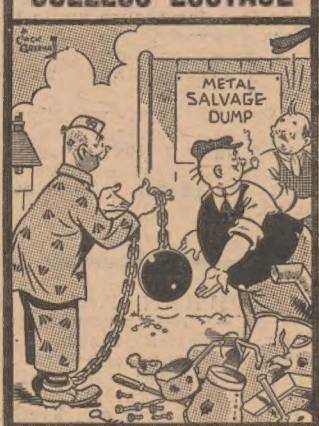
We walked no farther than the railway station up in the city, where we stowed away again. Buying two platform tickets, we got into the Melbourne Express and hid under the seat.

Just as the train started three

striking matches and looking at me, but by that time we were well out of the station. They were commercial travellers, and regarded our sudden appearance as a great joke. I was now sixteen, and quite a visible growth of coppery beard had risen on my chin. The travellers insisted that I should be shaved. One of them produced a spirit-lamp, heated some water, and lathered me lavishly.

Then, as the express rocked and swayed along at full speed, he flipped open an old-fashioned cut-throat razor and set to work on my face. The fact that he smelled like a bonded warehouse on Rum Cay did not add to the pleasure of my first shave. He did not as much as nick me. The travellers gave us food, let us get under the seat each time tickets were inspected.

USELESS EUSTACE

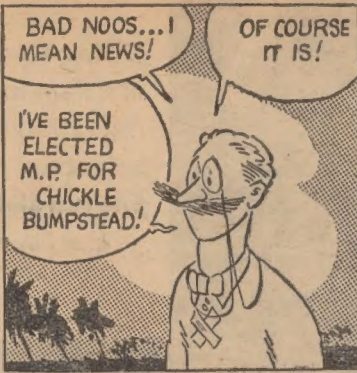


"For salvage, Bill! Now, isn't that nice of him!"

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



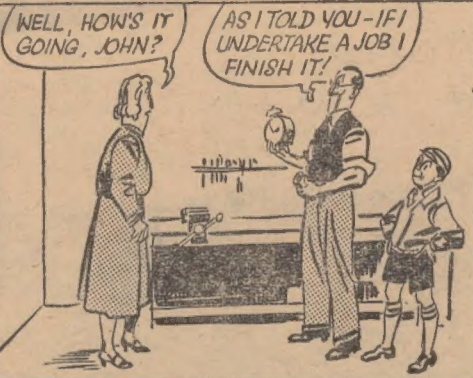
BELINDA



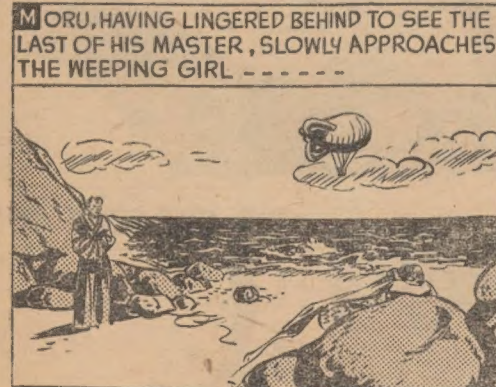
POPEYE



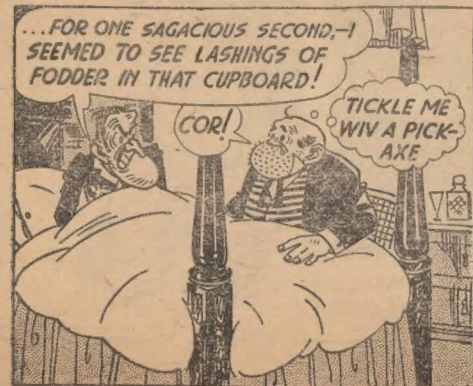
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

CRASHING through the jungle of plans for rebuilding the world after the war—plans, some fantastic, many impossible, and most half-baked—comes, at long last, something definite and constructive.

The common people, of non-British nations, who have been crying aloud for bread—those masses of folk of lesser breeds within (or without) the law, of whom one of our many national poets speaks—these people can hope for cake.

Readers have probably not yet heard of Boloni, and it is my privilege to introduce it to them.

It is a movement based on—we may say it with modest pride—the essential spirit that has blessed our land and people beyond all others.

Its full title is: *The British Office of Law and Order for National and International Reconstruction by the Propagation Overseas of the Spirit of Cricket in Theory and Practice as the Means to Post-War Moral and Material Rehabilitation of the Unfortunate Non-British Nations.*

Before long, over the portals of great buildings that will arise, as the occupied countries are successively freed, the letters B.O.L.O.N.I.-R.P.O.S.C.T.P.M.P.W.M.M.R.U.N.B.N. to bring hope to the hitherto hopeless and a vision—

In the meantime Boloni is working "all out" in a great country mansion "somewhere in England."

An immense staff, drawn from every Government Department, is preparing the ground under the guidance of the Planning Committee, which, though not yet complete, includes representatives of many different branches of life and thought.

The Poet Laureate, Alfred Tennyson, Esq., is chairman, with Dr. W. G. Grace as deputy chairman. Other members are: Literature, Dr. Samuel Johnson; science, Sir Isaac Newton; politics, W. E. Gladstone, Esq.; music, Henry Purcell, Esq.; religion, Archbishop Laud; labour, Walter Tyler, Esq.; printing and publishing, William Caxton, Esq.; sport (general), Vernon Cope Littlewood, Esq.; women's interests, Miss Anne Boleyn; law, Chief Justice Jeffreys; entertainment, William Shakespeare, Esq.; philosophy, Professor Goad; travel, Commander Ramble.

But let Mr. Tennyson take up the story.

"As so often before, in our long island story," he told me, "it has been left to private enterprise to initiate a work which, in its significance and hope, may well stagger the imagination."

"All that is best and noblest in our nation is to be linked in a common effort to raise the standard of life and of thought in those nations which have not been blessed as we have by the particular attention and guidance of Providence."

"What is that spirit which, under Providence, has been our guide and stay for so long? What is that influence which has permeated all our activities—mental, moral and physical—and made Britain the envy of the whole world? It is, surely, hardly necessary for me to say that it is the spirit and influence of Cricket—Cricket in its widest application in thought and action."

"We Britishers all know," Mr. Tennyson went on, "what that one glorious word connotes—an ideal after which we have, not without success, striven for many years. We do not expect to convert lesser nations to this better way of living in a few months, or even years, but we know well, as I have said in my famous poem, 'The Princess':

"No rock so hard but that a little wave
May beat admission in a thousand years."

"We are resolved to teach the world to play the game in the only way it can be played—as we play it. The whole value of the scheme lies in its British origin."

"There must be no modification of or tampering with the plans being drawn up by Boloni. We must be true to our conviction that we know best."

"At the present moment, members of the M.C.C. and I. Zingari, sacrificing their private lives for the common good, are training as missionaries to bring the gospel of Cricket to the uttermost places of the earth."

Mr. Tennyson added that he had already received an encouraging message from Marshal Stalin, who wrote: "I can think of no more deleterious scheme. Your famous teams, Arsenic and Westam, typify British delusions. Your great writer, Charlie Dickson, shows in his 'Cricket on the Hearth' how love of home and love of sport can be combined. Hasten the day when the bang of bursting shells shall give way to the ping (or even the pong) of the ball on the bat. Death to the invaders!"

The Will is free:
Strong is the Soul, and wise, and beautiful:
The seeds of godlike power are in us still:
Gods are we, Bards, Saints, Heroes, if we will.
Matthew Arnold.

One has often wondered whether upon the whole earth there is anything so unintelligent, so unapt to perceive how the world is really going, as an ordinary young Englishman of our upper class.

Matthew Arnold.

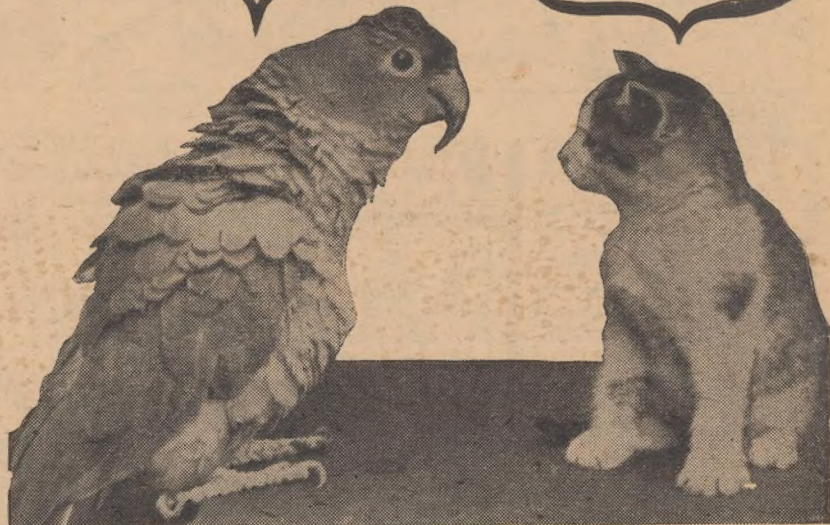
Good Morning



Gillian Carpenter, one of "Panama Hattie's" (Piccadilly Theatre) brightest showgirls. She can also sing more than somewhat.

"Please don't argue. A child of your age should be seen, and not heard."

"Unlike you, I'm still attractive, even when silent."



"If you must pull my leg, do so ; but for pity's sake leave my ear alone."



This England

Market day on a moorland road near Tavistock, Devon.



"I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut for yoo-oo-oo."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"Say it isn't so."